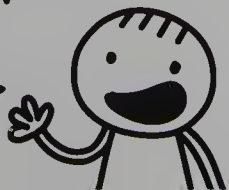
DIARY OF GREG HEFFLEY'S

BEST FRIEND

by Greg Heffley's Best Friend

Rowley Jefferson →



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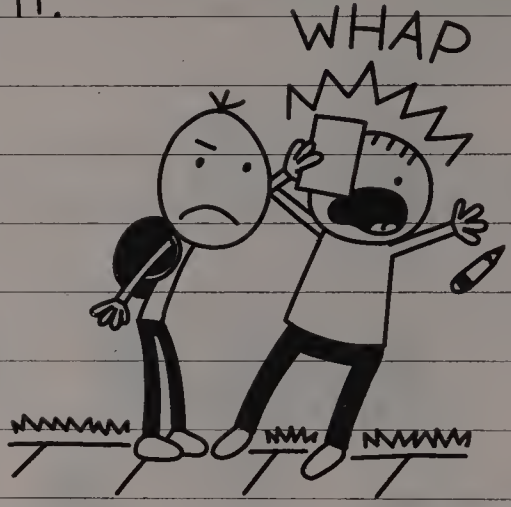
The first thing you need to know about me is that I am Greg Heffley's best friend. I know it says that on the cover but I wanted to mention it in case you missed that part.

You are probably wondering why I am writing a book about my best friend Greg Heffley.

Well the reason is because one day Greg is going to be rich and famous and he says everyone will want to know his whole life's story so they can make movies about him and stuff.

When I told Greg I thought that's what his DIARY was for he said it's not a diary it's a journal and he whapped me on the head with it.

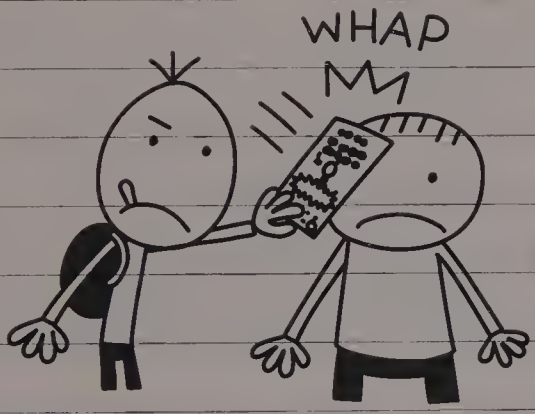


Greg whaps me a LOT but in his defense sometimes I say stupid things.

Greg said his journal is his AUTObiography and he needs me to write his BIOGRAPHY.

He said there are probably gonna be a LOT of biographies about him and he was giving me the chance to write the first one. I figure nobody can do a better job than ME because like I said already Greg is my best friend.

When I drew the cover I showed it to Greg and he said the title was stupid. Then he whapped me with it, but since it was only one page the whapping wasn't too bad.



Most biographies of famous people start with a chapter called "EARLY LIFE" or something like that so I am just gonna start this one the same way unless I can think of something better in the next ten seconds.

EARLY LIFE

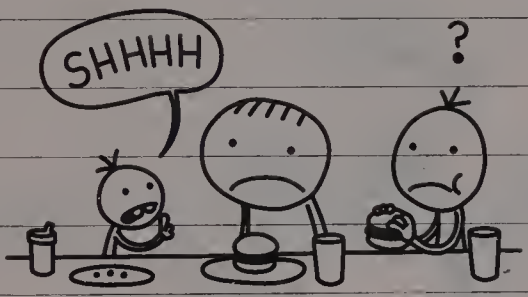
To be honest with you I don't know a whole lot about Greg's early life because I only met him in the fourth grade. But here are some facts I DO know about him: Greg has a mom and a dad, just like I do.

But in case you are thinking me and Greg are basically the same person then you are wrong because Greg has two brothers and I am an only child.

Greg's older brother is Rodrick and he has a rock band called Löded Diper. Some of their songs have swears in them, so my mom and dad won't let me be over at the Heffleys' house when Rodrick has band practice.

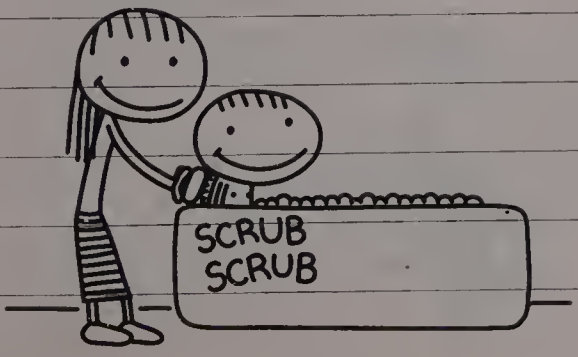
Greg's little brother is Manny and he is three. One time when I had a sleepover at Greg's, Manny just randomly pulled down his pants and showed me his heinie.

Now every time I see Manny he acts like we have this big secret or something.



Like I said before, Greg has two parents but they are kind of regular parents so I can't really think of anything to say about them.

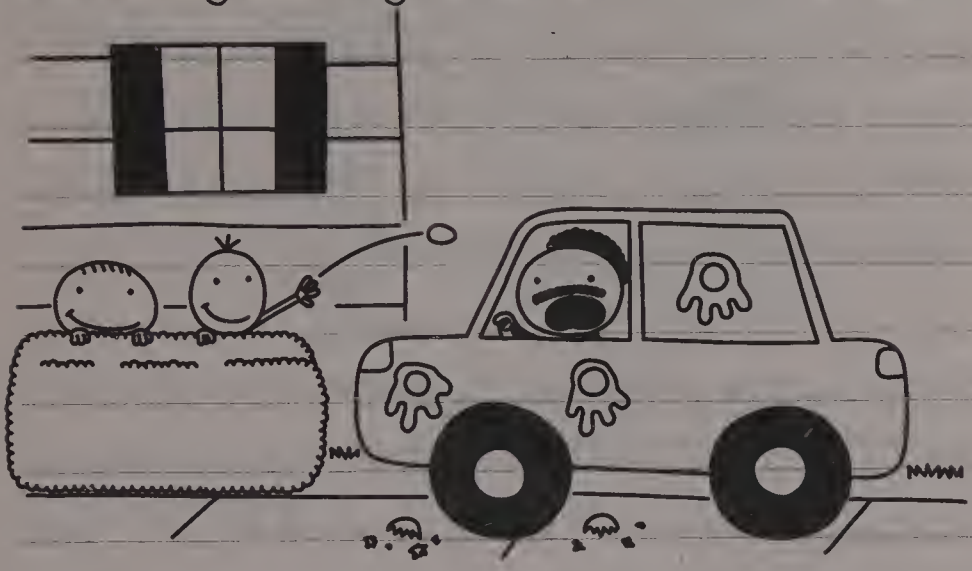
If this book was about ME then I would write a LOT about MY parents. My mom is awesome because she feeds me healthy food and helps me keep my body clean.



And my dad is my second best friend after Greg but don't tell my dad that.

Now that I brought up my dad I should probably mention that he is not such a big fan of Greg. And the reason I know that is because he is always saying it.

But I think the reason is because my dad doesn't get Greg's sense of humor.



Anyway that just about wraps up the chapter about Greg's early life. Hopefully Greg can give me some baby pictures or something to fill out this section because like I said before I don't have a whole lot of information until I get to the part where he's in the fourth grade.

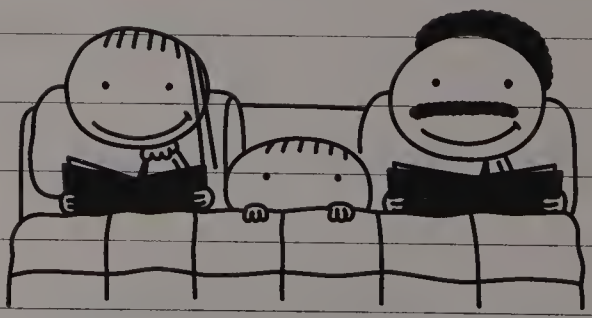
THE STUFF FROM FOURTH GRADE ON

I moved to Greg's street in the fourth grade so now this biography is gonna get a lot more detailed.

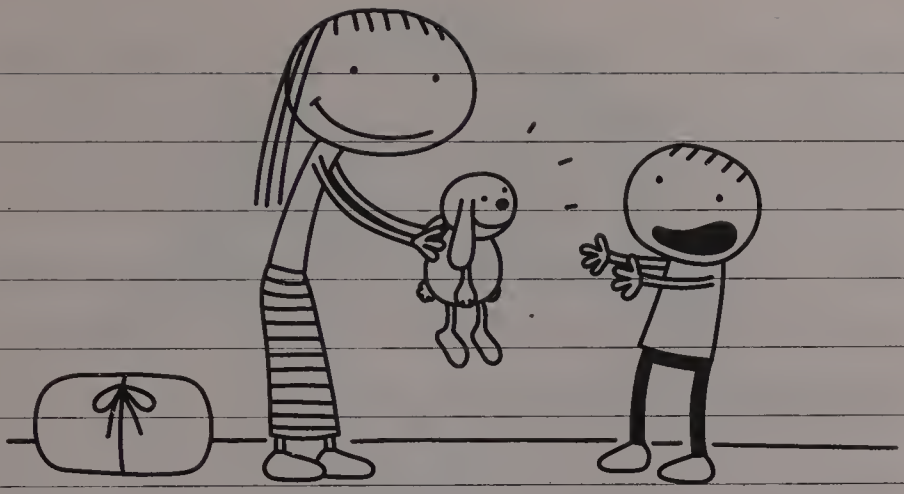
After me and Greg met we had a few playdates at MY house and a few playdates at HIS house. Oh yeah I forgot Greg doesn't like it when I call them "playdates" so I will have to change that in my second draft or else I'm gonna get whapped again.

Anyway me and Greg "hung out" a lot at each other's houses but then one day he invited me to his house for a SLEEPOVER.

I was pretty nervous because I never stayed over at a friend's house before. In fact I wasn't even sleeping in my OWN bed yet because I was too scared to.

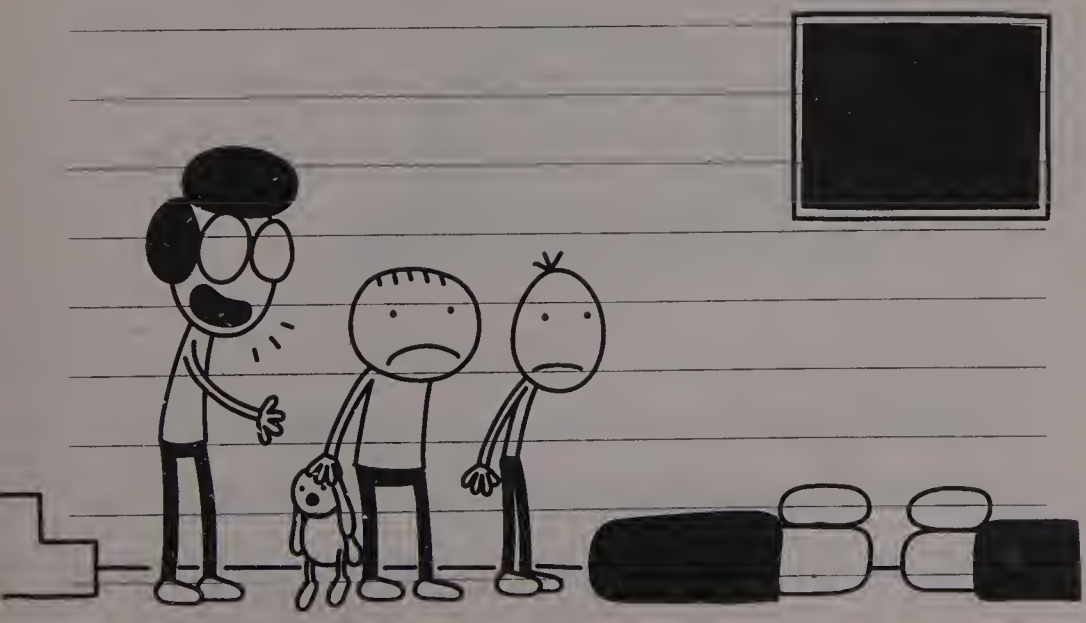


I told my mom I was too nervous to stay at Greg's but I got a little LESS nervous when she said I could take Carrots with me.

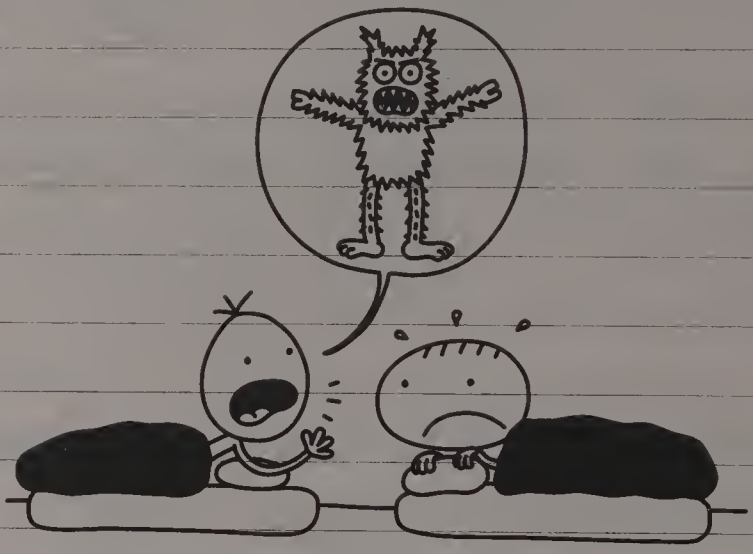


When I got to Greg's we hung out in his room for a while but at 9:00 Mrs. Heffley said it was time to go to bed. And she said we had to sleep in the BASEMENT.

Well now I was SUPER nervous because I think basements are really creepy.



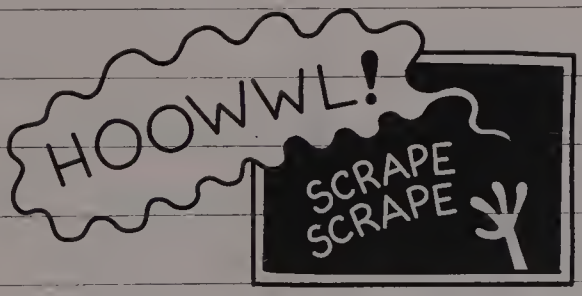
As soon as Mrs. Heffley turned the lights off, Greg told me he needed to tell me something important. He said there's a half man, half goat that lives in the woods in our neighborhood so I probably shouldn't go outside alone at night.

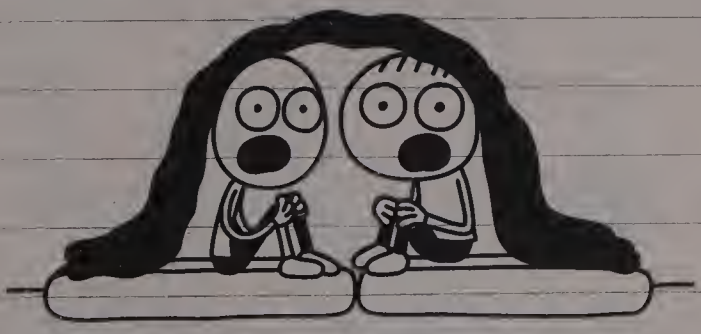


Well I was NOT happy to hear that news and I really wished someone told my parents about this goat guy before we moved into the neighborhood.

Anyway the goat thing got me TOTALLY spooked so I hid under the covers. But I think Greg got pretty spooked too because he crawled under there WITH me.

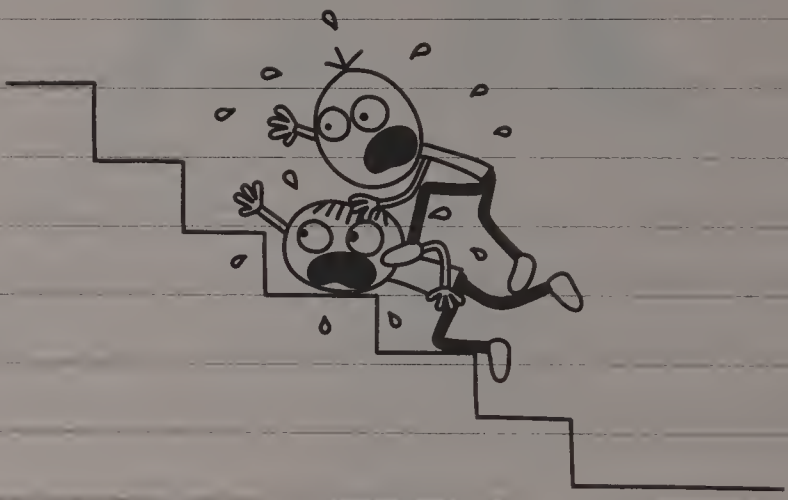
Then all of the sudden there was this crazy noise right outside the window and it sounded exactly how a half man, half goat would sound.





Me and Greg didn't wanna get eaten by this goat guy so we got out of there as fast as we could.

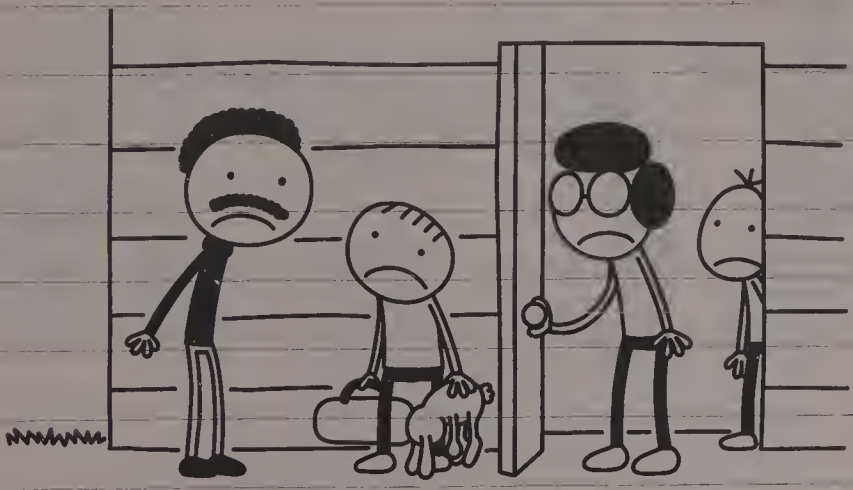
But we almost died anyway because we trampled each other running up the stairs.



We locked ourselves in the laundry room so the goat man couldn't get us. But that's when we found out it wasn't the goat guy at ALL, it was just Greg's brother Rodrick playing a trick on us.

OK so this next part is embarrassing but since it's a biography I've gotta tell the whole truth. I wet my pants when we were in the basement and heard those noises outside.

Mrs. Heffley gave me an extra pair of Greg's underwear but they didn't fit. So my dad had to come get me and bring me home, and it was a long time before I was allowed to go to Greg's for another sleepover.



AN EVEN MORE SCARY STORY

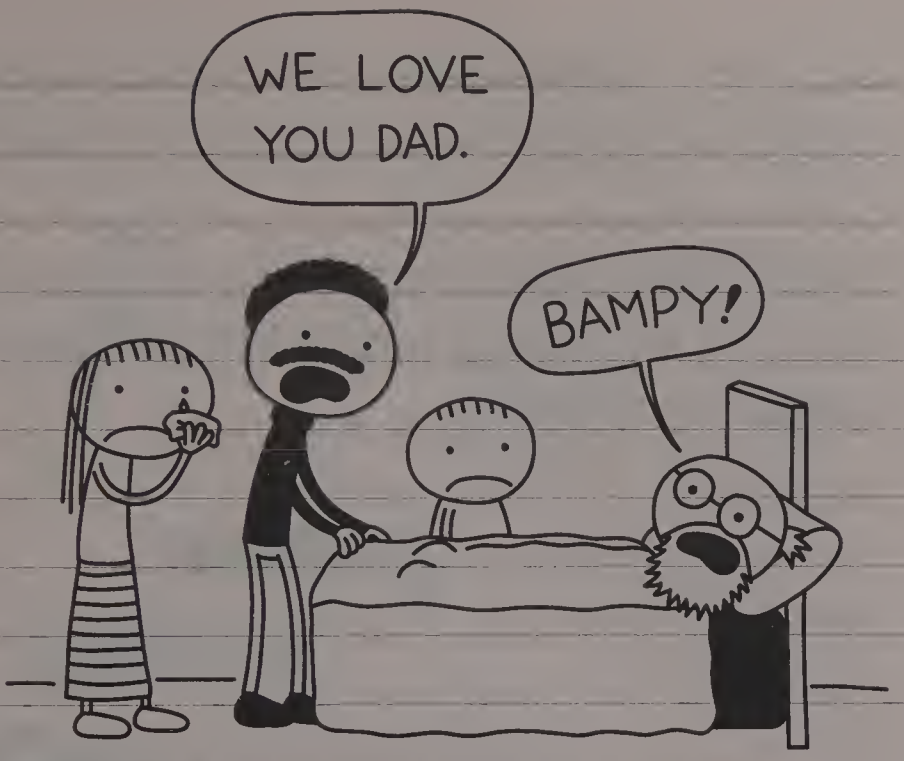
OK while I'm on the topic of scary stuff I want to tell a story of something that happened a couple years ago.

One time I was at my grandpa's log cabin with my dad for the weekend and we took a hike and I got kind of dirty. Well technically it was my DAD'S cabin because my grandpa died the year before.

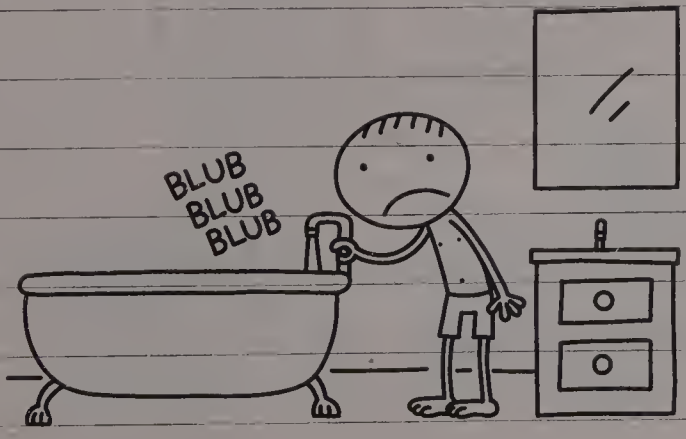
I called my grandpa "Bampy," and the reason I called him that is because when I was two I couldn't say "Grampa."

But then even when I got older and I COULD say "Grampa" nobody would let me change it.

And when my grandpa got older it's the only word he really said.



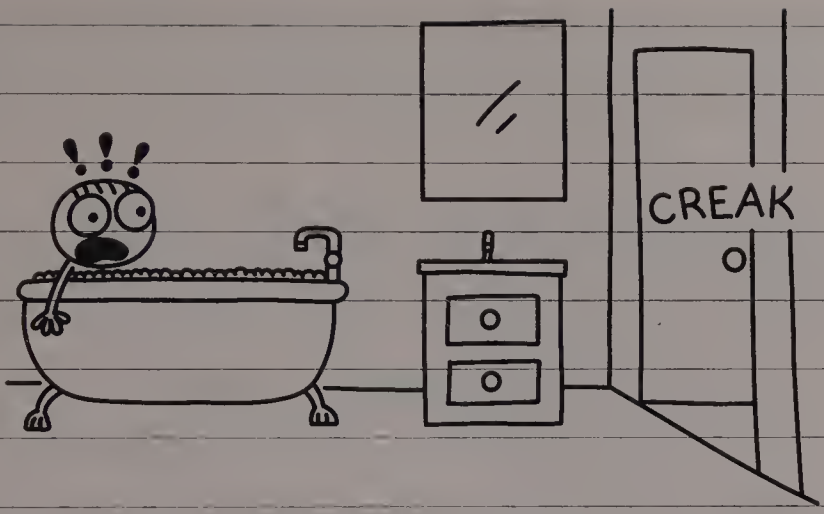
So anyway back to the story. After I got dirty from that hike my dad said I had to take a shower. But Bampy's cabin is really old and it doesn't HAVE a shower, it just has one of those creepy old-fashioned tubs.



So after I filled up the tub with water and got in, here's what happened NEXT.

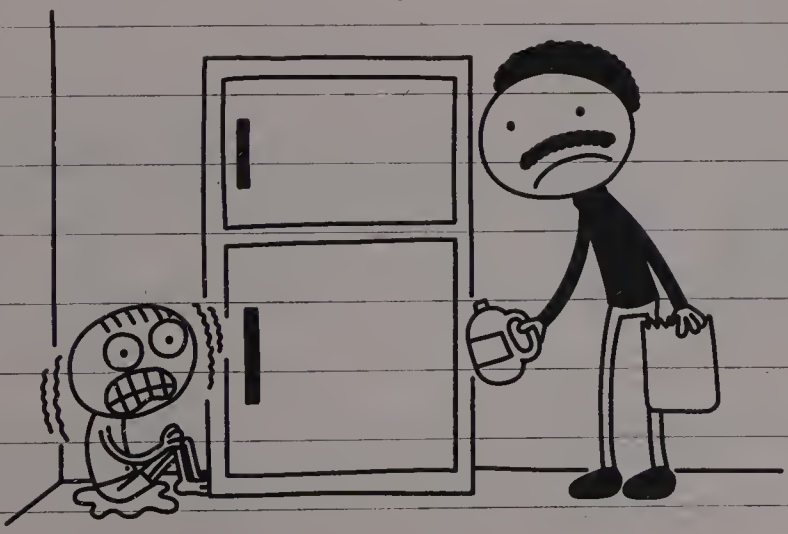
I heard footsteps coming down the hall and I thought it was my dad coming to give me a towel or something.

Then the door opened real slow, but there was NO ONE THERE.



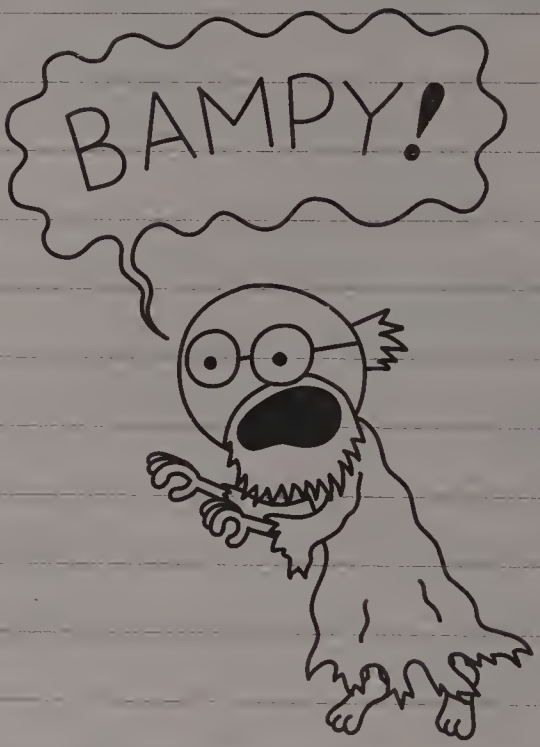
And if you're thinking "Oh Rowley it was probably your dad playing a trick on you," well guess what it WASN'T.

My dad was getting some milk at the store and he didn't come back until like a half hour later.



I told my dad what happened with the door and he said it was probably just the "wind."

But I know what it was: the GHOST OF BAMPY.



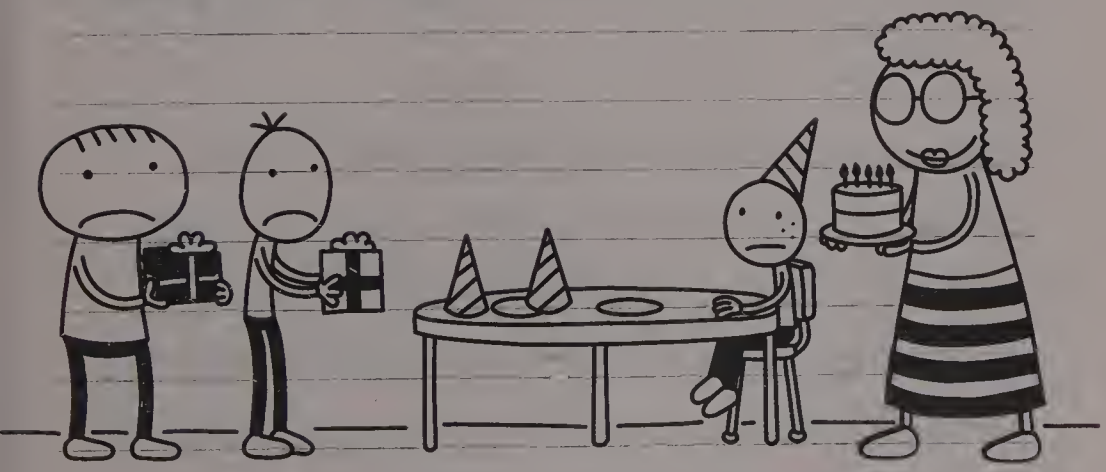
THE TIME I SAVED GREG FROM TEVIN LARKIN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

OK I know that last chapter didn't have a lot of Greg in it but I just wanted to mention that story real quick because the Bampy thing totally FREAKED ME OUT.

Greg is in this chapter but just to let you know I'm kind of the hero of this one.

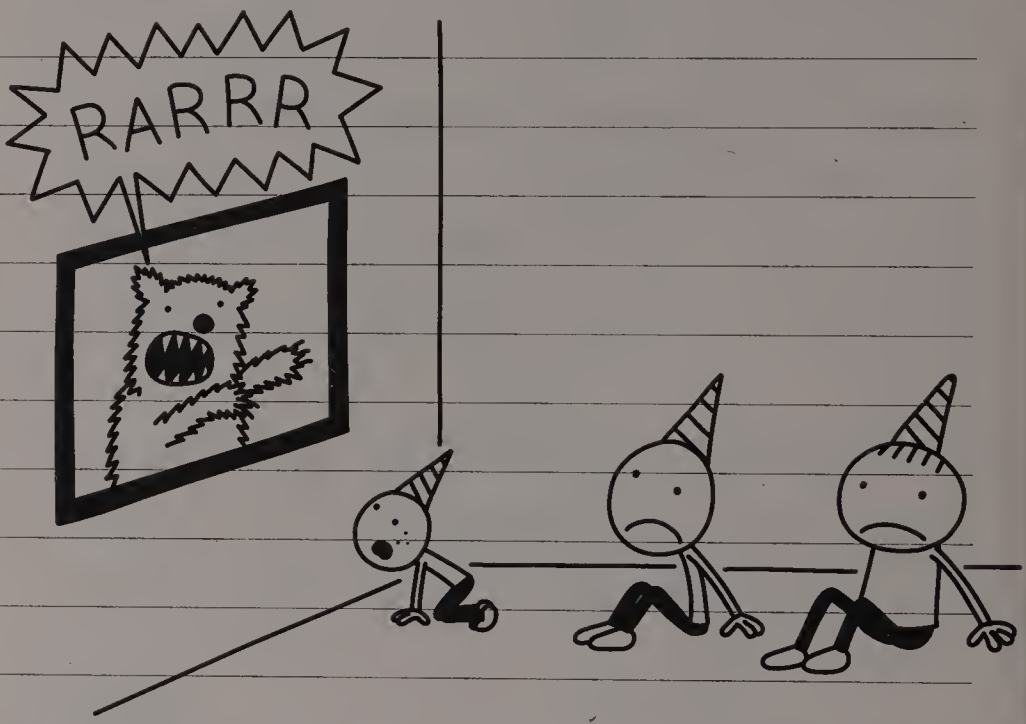
There is a kid named Tevin Larkin who lives over on Speen Street and last summer his mom invited me and Greg to Tevin's birthday party. Me and Greg didn't wanna go because Tevin is hyper but both of our moms said we HAD to.

It turned out me and Greg were the ONLY kids invited to Tevin's party but we didn't know that until we got there.



After we gave Tevin his presents his mom said it was time for party activities.

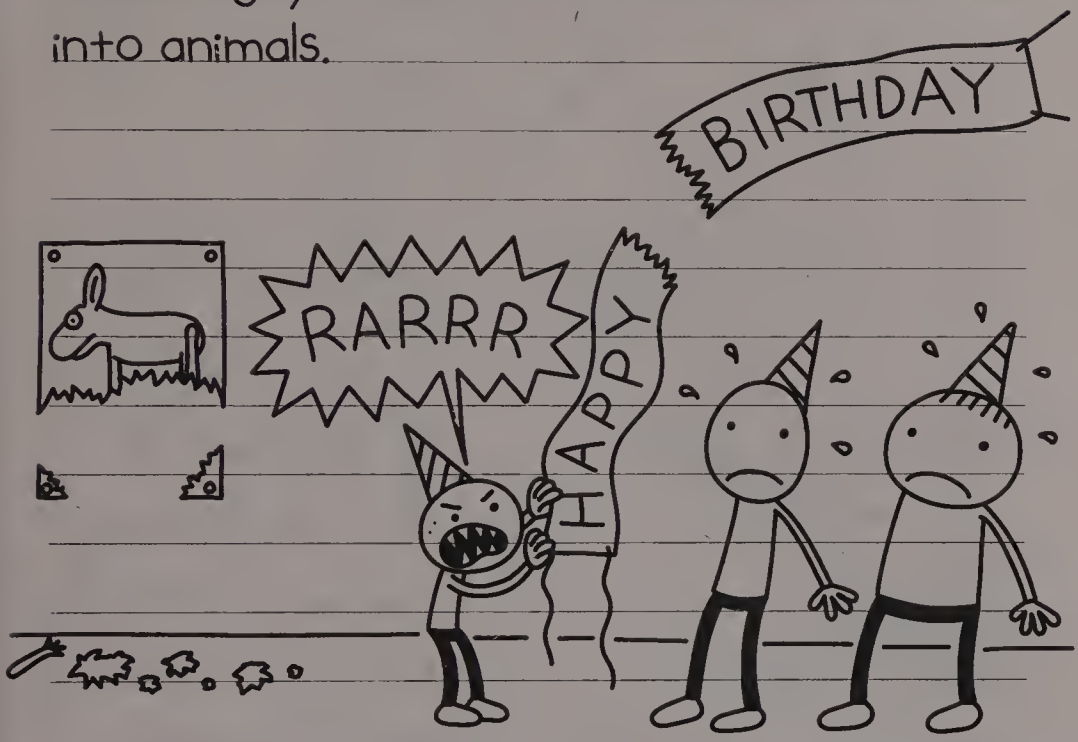
The first activity was to watch this movie about a guy who can turn into a bear and an eagle and a bunch of other animals.



And when the movie was over, Tevin wanted to watch it AGAIN. But me and Greg told Tevin's mom we didn't wanna watch the movie a second time so she said we could move on to the other activities like pin the tail on the donkey.

Well, that just made Tevin MAD.

He got all wound up and started acting like the guy in the movie who could turn into animals.



I guess Tevin's mom was used to this sort of thing but me and Greg didn't know what we were supposed to do.

So we went out the basement door and waited in the backyard for Tevin to calm down.

But it didn't take long for Tevin to find us back there.

I guess Tevin had gotten into the cake so now he was acting TOTALLY nuts.

I took a few steps back to get out of Tevin's way but that's when I fell into a ditch that was pretty deep.

Luckily the ditch wasn't TOO deep or I probably would've broke some bones. But when I started to climb out of the ditch I heard this buzzing noise all around me.

It turns out there was a HORNET'S NEST at the bottom of the ditch and now they were all stirred up.

I got stung twelve times and my mom had to come pick me up early. And Greg hitched a ride with us so he got to go home early too.

Anyway Greg is always saying he "owes me" for getting him out of that party so that's why I thought it was important to put it in this book.

THE TIME ME AND GREG DUG UP AN ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND

If you were spooked out by that Bampy story from before then you might want to skip this one.

OK if you are still reading then remember I warned you. One time me and Greg were playing Vikings and Ninjas in the woods and then some teenagers came by and ruined our fun.

BUT THAT'S NOT EVEN THE SCARY PART YET so keep reading.

Me and Greg went back in the woods to get away from those teens. Greg said we should build a fort so if they came looking for us we could protect ourselves.

So we spent the rest of the afternoon making a fort out of sticks and logs.

Greg said we should put some rocks in our fort in case things got REALLY bad, but it was starting to get dark and there weren't a lot of rocks laying around in the woods anyway.

But then I tripped over something and guess what? It was a big ROCK.

I told Greg I thought I sprained my ankle but he was a lot more interested in that rock than my injury.

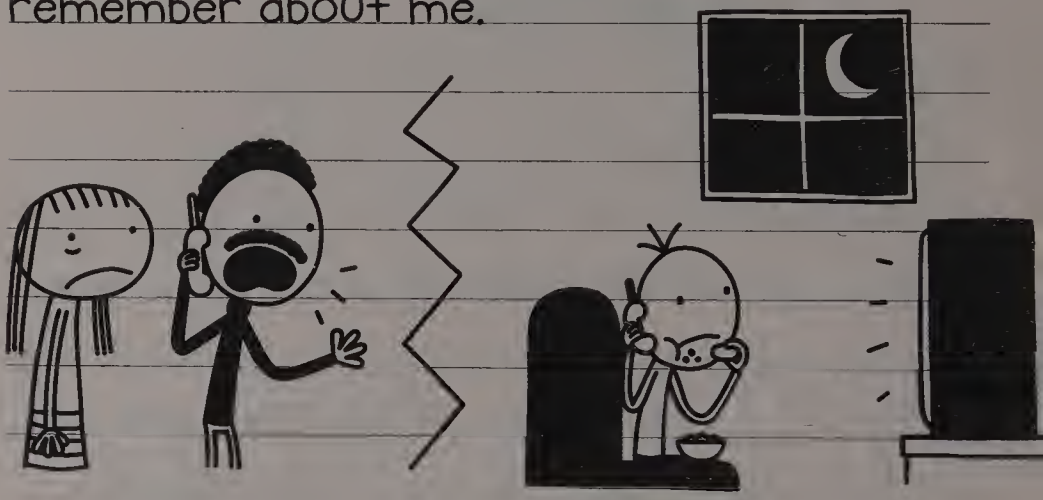
Greg said it wasn't a rock, it was a GRAVESTONE and we just built our fort on an ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND.

I guess you already knew that was coming because it was in the title of the chapter so I will probably change it later on so I don't give the surprise away.

Anyway me and Greg were TOTALLY spooked out by this ancient burial ground thing and by now it was REALLY dark out so we were extra scared.

Then all of the sudden Greg just took off and left me behind. I guess I don't blame him because if I could've run I would've been out of there too.

When Greg got home it was his dinner time and I think he kind of forgot I was out in the woods. Luckily my parents called Greg's house and that helped him remember about me.



So I guess the point of this chapter is that sometimes Greg forgets important stuff but I'm just gonna let that go because the rest of the time he's a great pal.

GREG'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Every biography I've ever read for a school report has a chapter called "ACCOMPLISHMENTS" so I figure I better add that in here before I forget.

The problem is that Greg is just a kid so most of his accomplishments haven't happened yet. So I am just gonna leave some blank space here and I can fill them in later on.

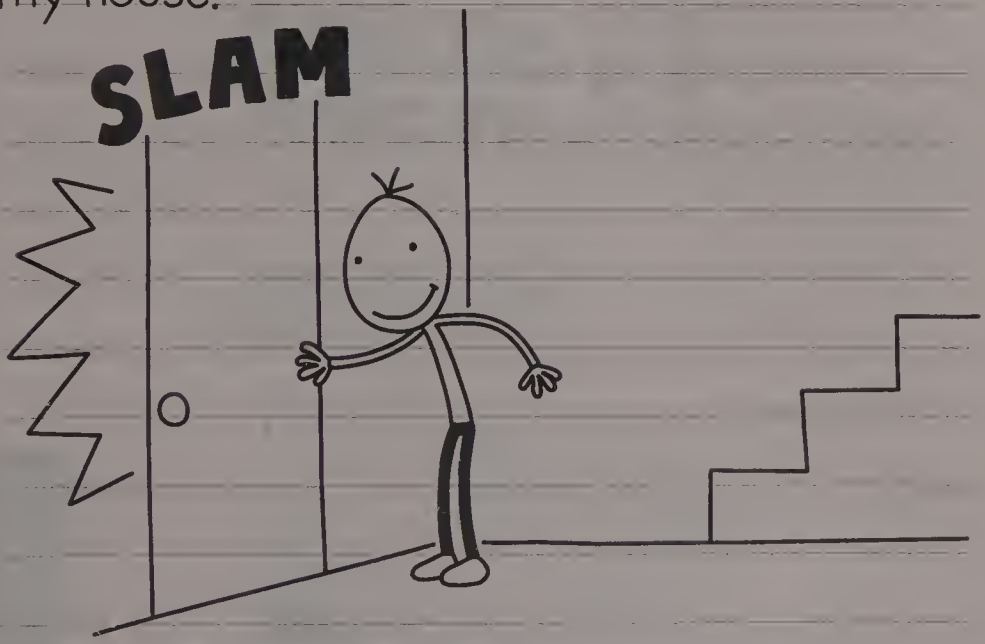
THE TIME GREG PLAYED A HILARIOUS PRANK ON ME

Sometimes Greg can be pretty hilarious and that's what this chapter is about. This story has a twist ending and THIS time I'm not gonna give it away in the title.

One day me and Greg were hanging out at my house when my parents weren't home. Greg told me he saw on the news that there was a burglar going around breaking into people's houses.

Then he said he had to go home for dinner, and once he left I started thinking about that burglar.

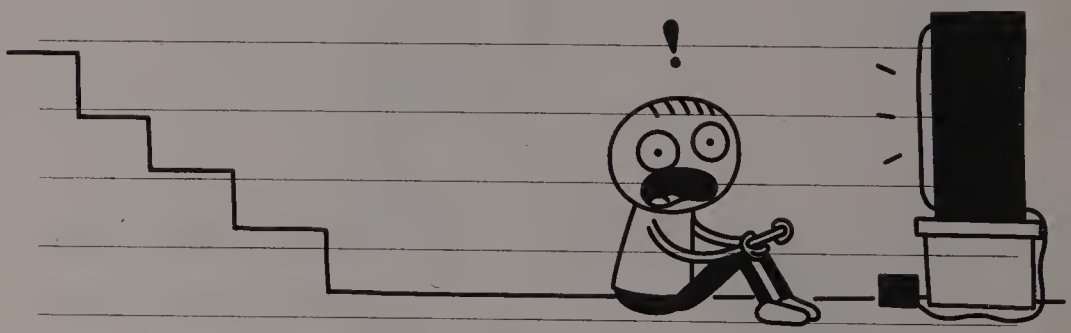
But here's the thing: I found out later that Greg just PRETENDED to leave. He shut the front door but then stayed in my house.



Then he took off his shoes and walked up the stairs real quiet so I couldn't hear him.

Then he started stomping around real loud upstairs. At first I thought it was the ghost of Bampy all over again.

Then I realized it was probably that burglar Greg mentioned and I almost peed my pants for the second time in this biography.

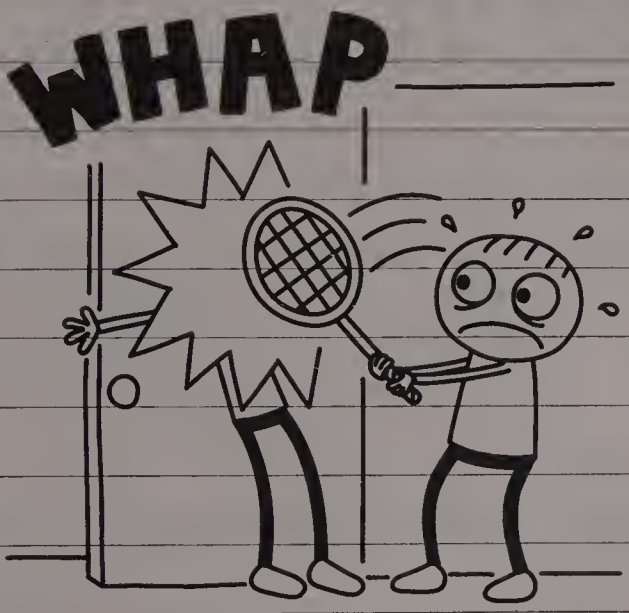


I heard footsteps coming down the stairs and I ran in the garage to hide from the burglar.

It was PITCH BLACK in the garage but I didn't want to make a move until I was sure that the burglar was gone.

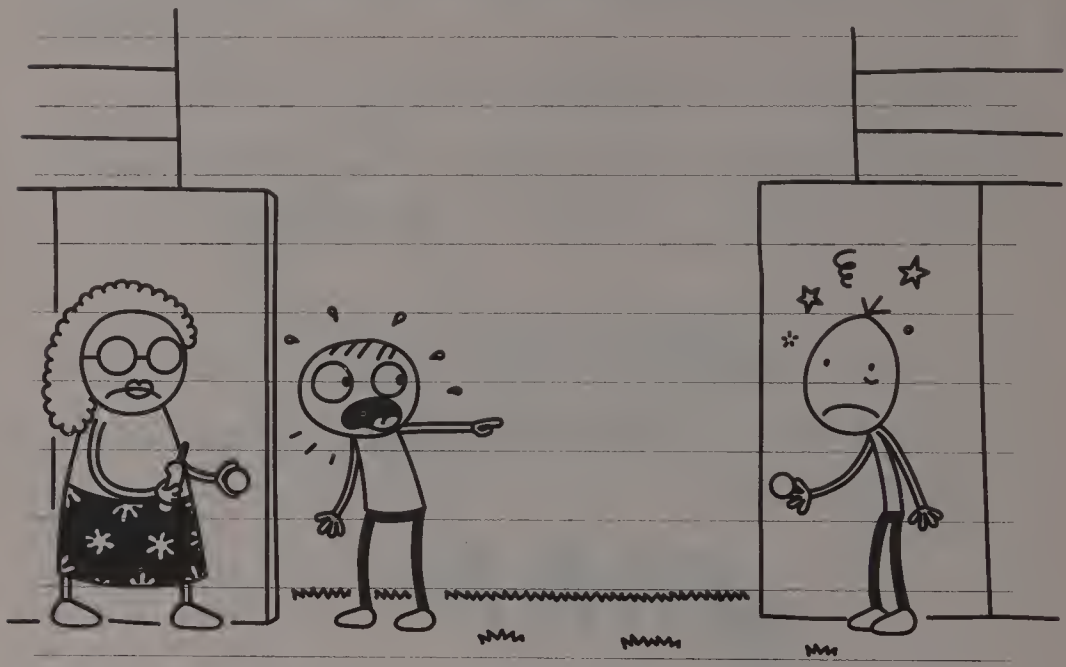
Then all of a sudden the door to the garage opened real slow and I knew he was gonna get me if I didn't do something.

So I whacked him in the face with my dad's tennis racket and made a run for it.



Then I ran out the front door and went to Mrs. Monroe's house next door to tell her to call the cops.

But then Greg came out of my house and that's when I found out the whole thing was just one of his hilarious pranks.



Greg was mad at me for two whole weeks and said I should've known he is always joking around and that it was a prank.

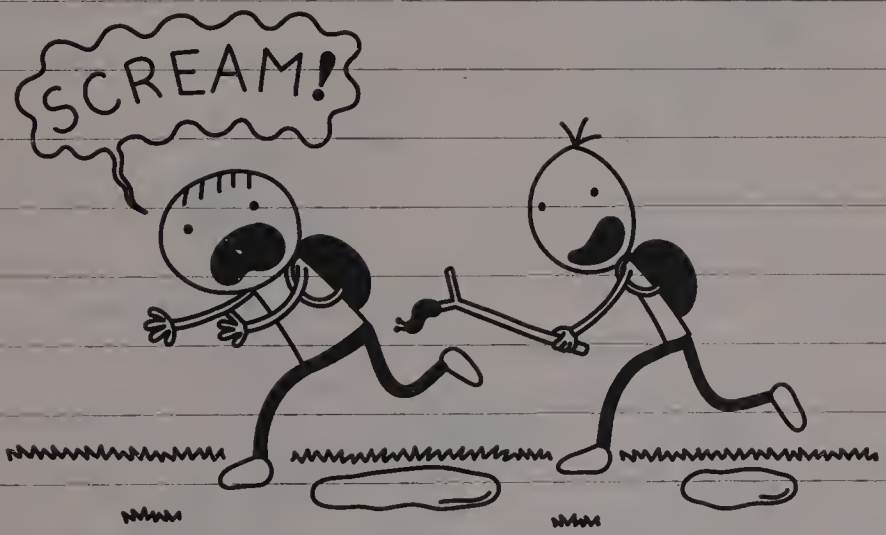
I guess he's got a pretty good point about that since he is always playing wacky pranks on me. So I feel kind of bad about whacking him with a tennis racket.

But not really.

ANOTHER TIME GREG GOT MAD AT ME

OK there are actually a whole BUNCH of times that Greg got mad at me but this story happened on Tuesday so this one is fresh on my mind.

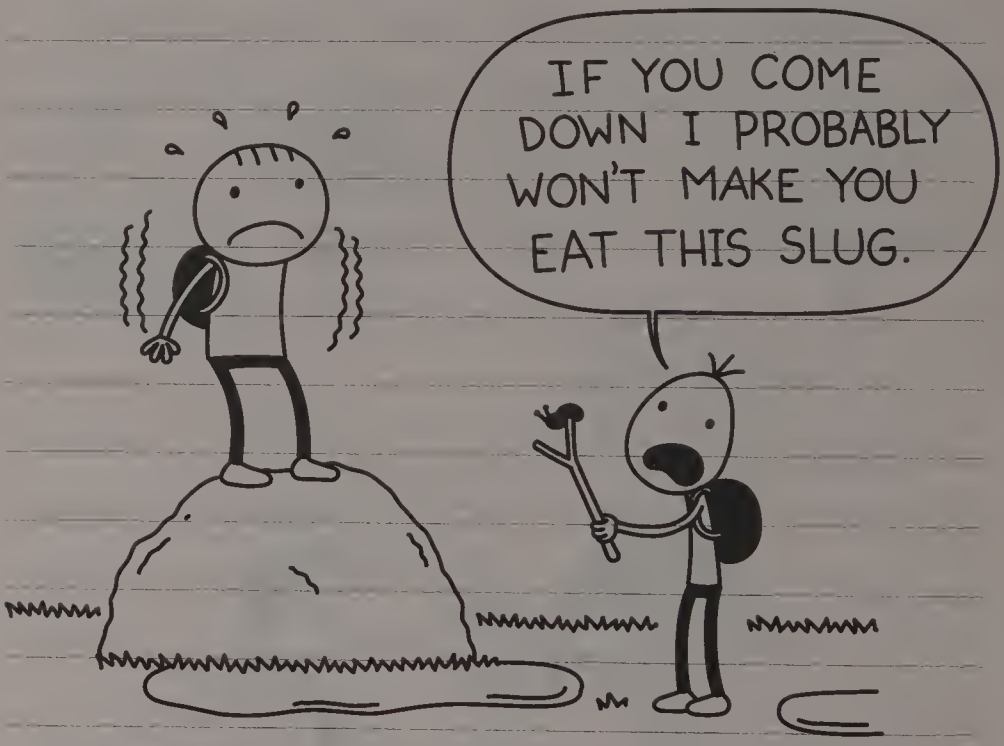
Me and Greg were walking home from school and there were slugs everywhere because it just rained the night before. Whenever there are slugs laying around, Greg chases me with one.



I guess it's pretty funny if you think about it but it's never that funny when it's happening.

Luckily I am really fast when someone is chasing me with a slug so I got away from Greg by jumping up on the big rock in Mr. Yee's yard.

Greg tried to get me to climb down from the rock but I didn't really trust him.

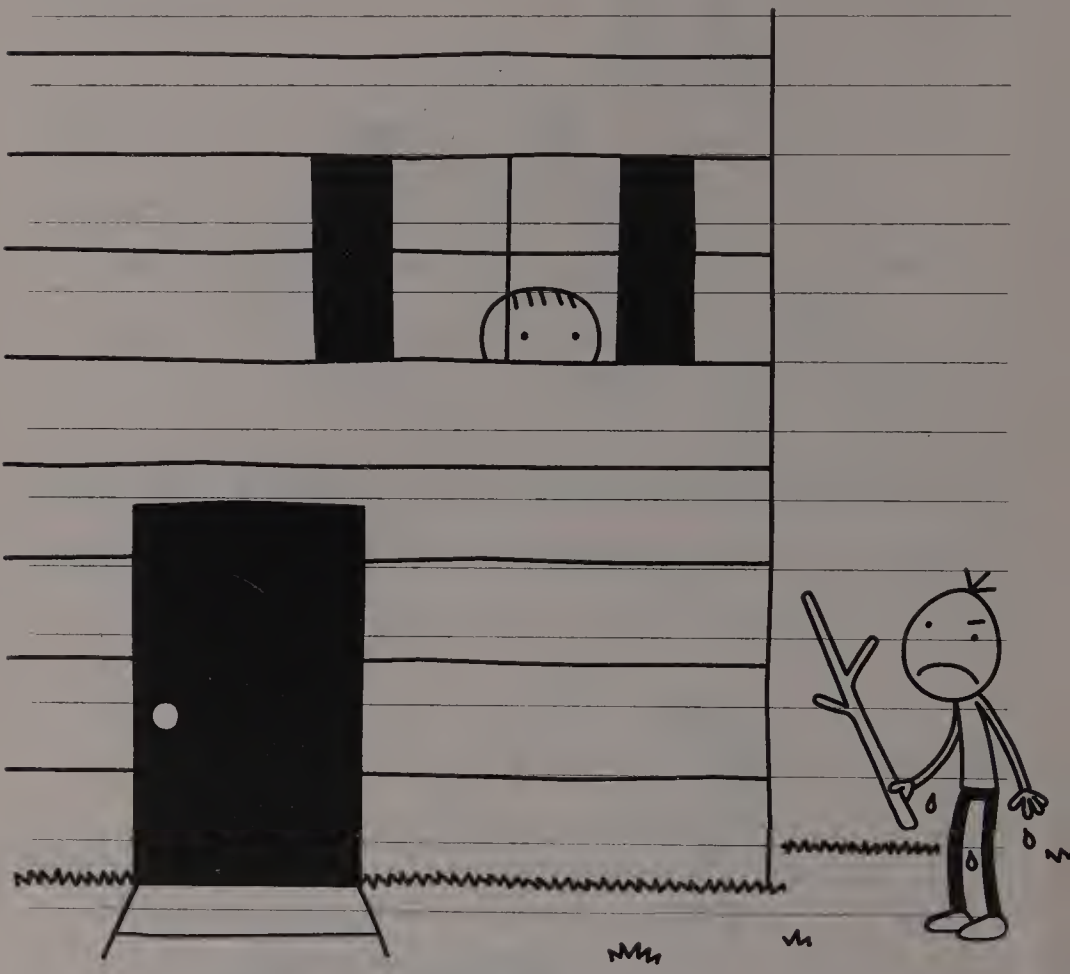


Greg tried to fling the slug at me but he lost his balance and almost fell in a giant puddle in front of the rock. Greg was stuck and I felt bad for him because he is my best friend after all.

I got down from the rock and tried to help Greg out. He told me to pull him back up on his feet, but I guess I heard him wrong.

I grabbed him BY his feet which turned out to be a pretty dumb move.

I spent the next three hours locked in my bedroom and I only came out after Greg got called home for dinner.



I'm still waiting for Greg to get me back for the puddle thing but he says he's gonna get revenge on me when I "least expect it." I just hope he hurries up and does something soon because I wanna get it over with.

THE TIME ME AND GREG DID SOME COMICS AND I HAD TO ___ THE CHEESE

This one is kind of a long story but I'll give you the short version.

In our first year of middle school me and Greg worked on a comic together called "Zoo-Wee Mama" and then Greg got bored of it and said I should do it by myself.

And then my comic got in the school paper and Greg was mad at me even though he's the one who TOLD me I should do it. And then a bunch of teenagers made me eat a piece of _____ that was on the blacktop.

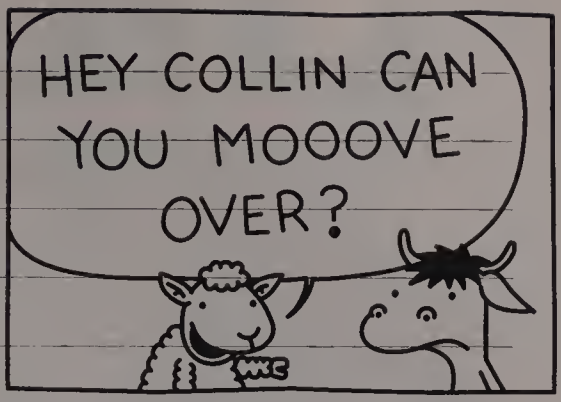
I still can't eat pizza or mozzarella sticks or anything else with _ _ _ _ _ _ in it but Greg says I need to "get over it" because that happened a long time ago.

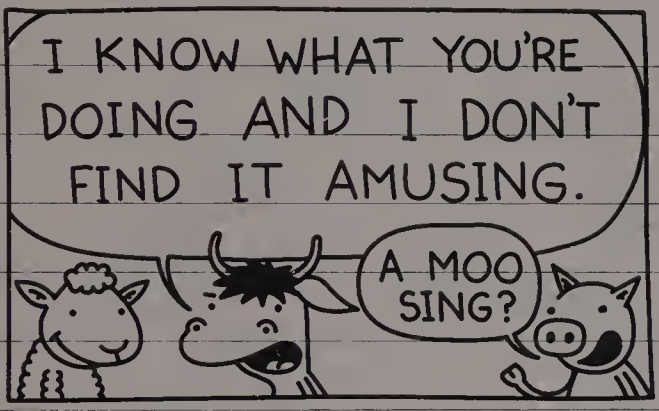
But that's not what this chapter is about. When we did those Zoo-Wee Mama comics we did some OTHER comics too and I just found a few of them.

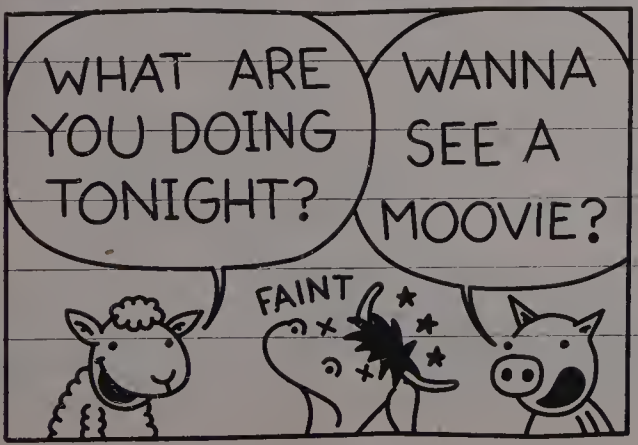
I asked Greg what I should do with them and he said I should hold on to them for when he gets famous.

I figured I'd just lose them again so I put them in this book just in case.

COLLIN THE COW







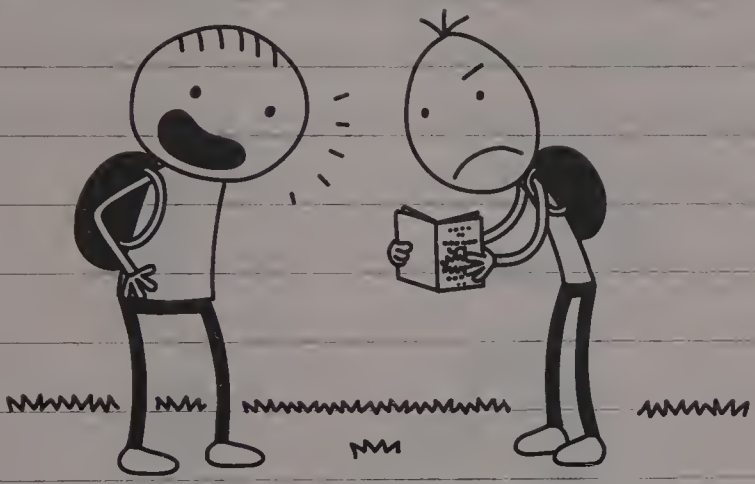
THE LATE SHOW

STARRING Creighton the Cretin

WELCOME TO MY SHOW EVERYONE.
OH BOY!
OK HERE IS MY FIRST JOKE: KNOCK KNOCK.
WHO'S THERE?
"CREIGHTON" IS HERE.
BOO!
THAT'S NOT EVEN A JOKE!
UH OH THAT WAS MY BEST STUFF.
BOO!
NOW I'M GONNA DO A THING CALLED "WACKY HEADLINES."
OOH THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!
"ALLIGATOR EATS MAN"..."HOSPITAL BURNS DOWN"...
THOSE AREN'T WACKY THEY'RE TRAGIC!
OOPS.

THE ADVENTURES OF GREG AND ROWLEY

I'm pretty much up to date on Greg's life, so today I showed Greg what I wrote so far. I thought he would like it but he was MAD.

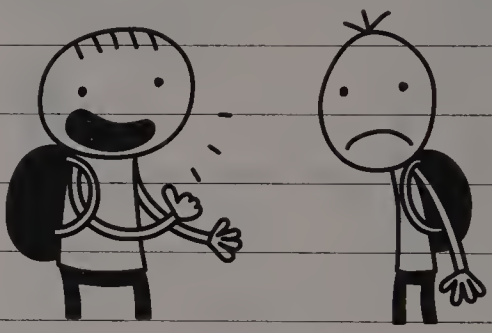


Greg said this book was supposed to be about HIM and not about ME. I told him it was hard to write about just HIM because most of the time we do stuff TOGETHER.

He said I need to go back through the book and take out all the stuff with me in it. I told him that would be dumb because then the book would only be like one page long.

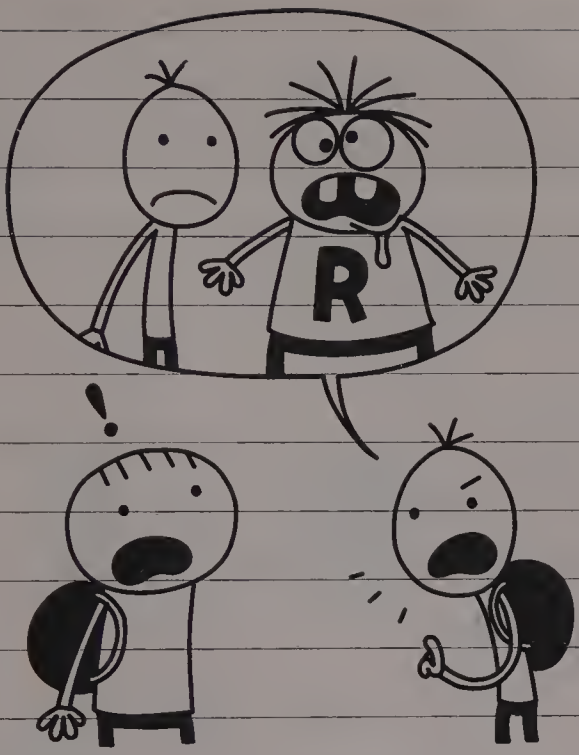
I said maybe we should change the title to "THE ADVENTURES OF GREG AND ROWLEY" and it could be OUR biography.

Then I said since there's a lot of scary stuff in this book we could make it into a spooky series where these two pals solve mysteries. We could make a lot of money and we'd BOTH be rich and famous.

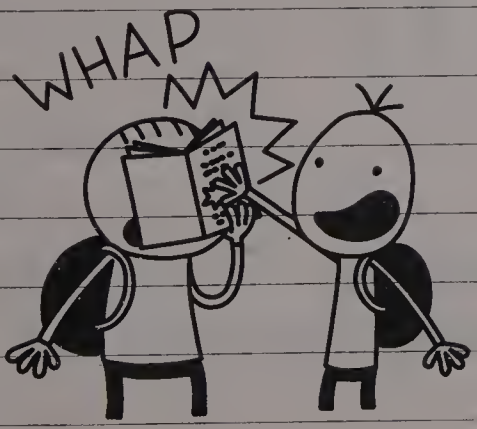


Greg said that was the dumbest idea he ever heard.

He said this book is about HIS life and if he wants to he can just change the name of Greg's best friend to "Rupert," and then he wouldn't owe me ANYTHING. Plus he said he'd make Rupert really dumb and drooling all the time.

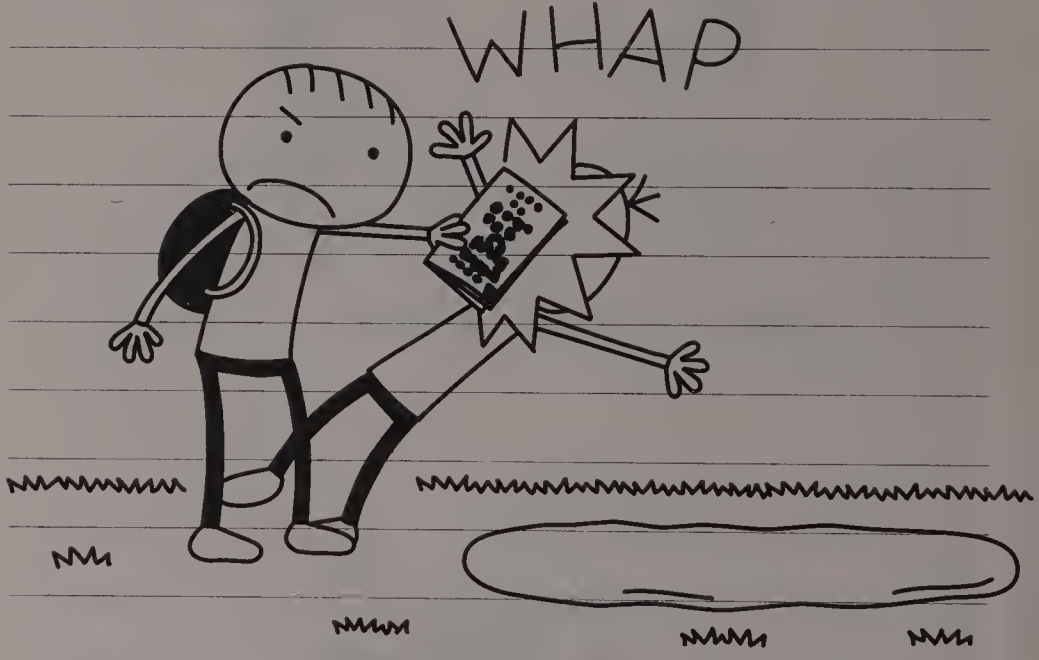


Then Greg told me the book smelled funny anyway and when I brought it up to my nose to sniff it he shut the book in my face real hard.



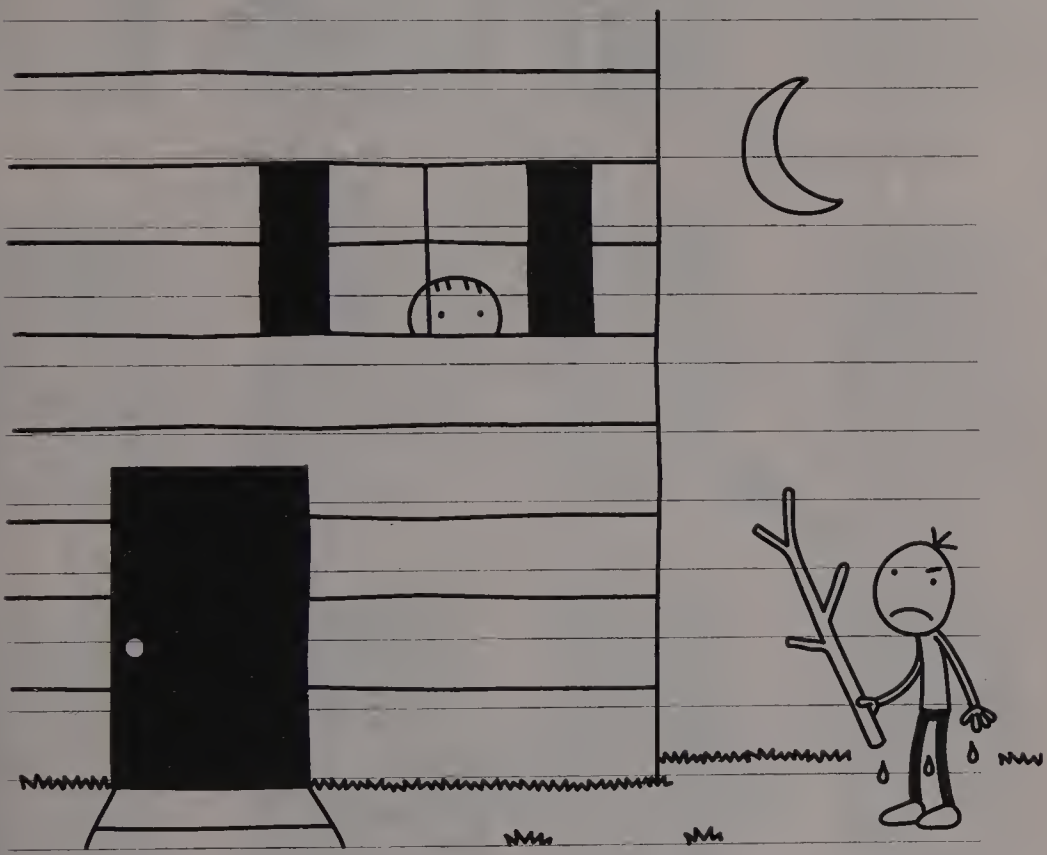
So I said "Hey what was THAT for?" and Greg said that's what I got for dropping him in the puddle. Then he said he got me back when I least expected it and I guess he was right about THAT.

But I was pretty mad anyway and I whapped him with the book, which is pretty heavy now that it's got all these pages in it.



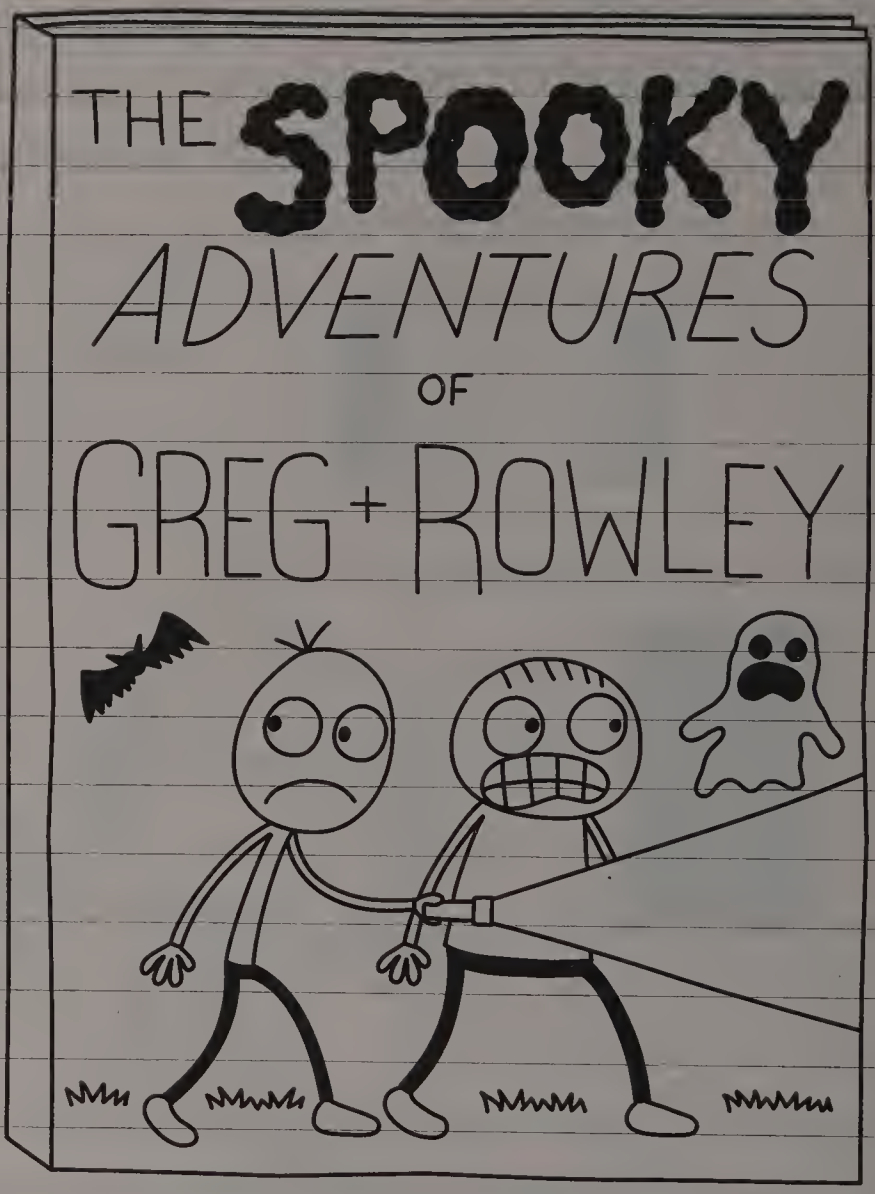
Well I guess Greg wasn't expecting THAT because he lost his balance and fell in a big puddle.

Anyway I am up in my room now and I am hoping Greg's mom calls him home for bedtime soon because he already skipped dinner.



I'm glad all that stuff happened today because it gave me a whole new chapter in our biography. I'm sure we'll be pals again tomorrow and we'll have a bunch of new adventures that I can put in here.

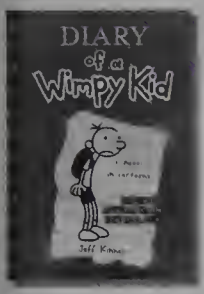
And I'll bet if we go with my idea about the scary stuff it'll sell a million copies.



But if Greg changes my name to Rupert I just want to say for the record that he wet his pants at that first sleepover too.

Have YOU read them all?

Check off the ones you have.



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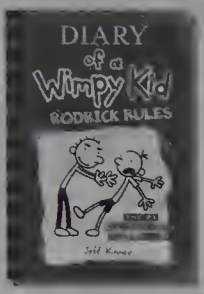

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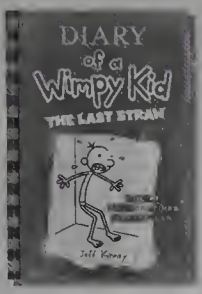

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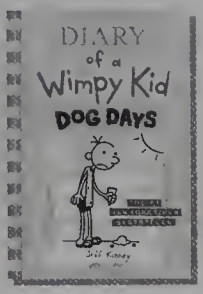

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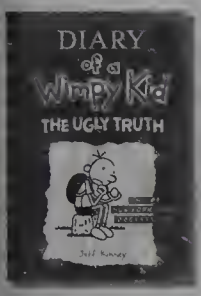

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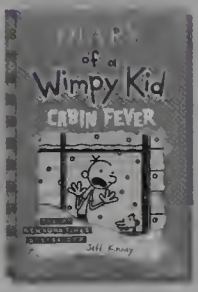

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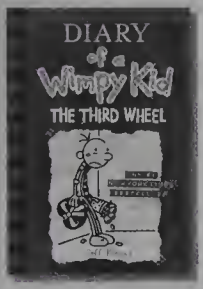

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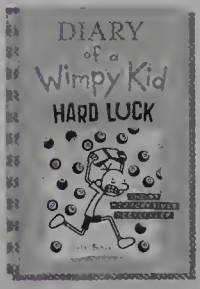

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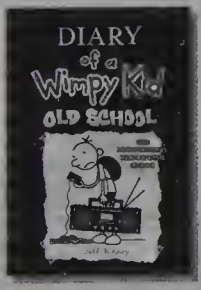

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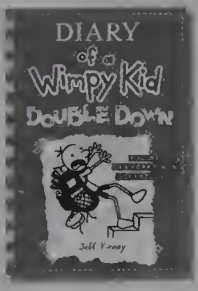

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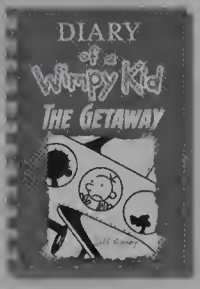

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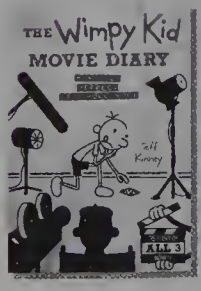

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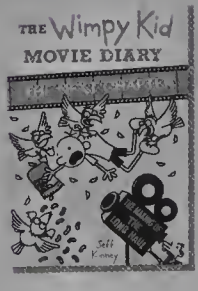

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